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VOL. XXIX., NO. 67.

HONOLULU, H. I., TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1894.—SEMI-WEEKLY.

WHOLE NO. 1578.

HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

SEMI-WEEKLY,
PUBLISHED BY

HAWAIIAN GAZETTE CO., (Limited),
Every Tuesday and Friday Morning.

AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Foreign Subscribers \$6.00 in Advance
Which includes postage prepaid.

H. M. WHITNEY, Business Manager
And EDITOR.

Office, No. 46 Merchant Street.

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— T. H. E. —
Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser
is published by the HAWAIIAN GAZETTE COMPANY at its Office in Merchant Street, and delivered by Carriers in the City, at

Eight Dollars (\$8.00) Per Annum.
Daily for Foreign Countries—Postage paid.
Address all Communications to
HAWAIIAN GAZETTE COMPANY,
No. 46 Merchant Street.

Business Cards.

PROFESSIONAL.

CARTER & CARTER,
Attorneys at Law.
1356 No. 24 Merchant Street.

A. ROSA,
Attorney at Law.
No. 15 KAHAMANA STREET,
Honolulu, H. I.

WILLIAM C. PARKE,
Attorney at Law
And Agent to take Acknowledgments.
OFFICE:—19 KAHAMANA STREET,
Honolulu, H. I.

W. R. CASTLE,
Attorney at Law
And Notary Public. Attends all the Courts of the Kingdom.

J. ALFRED MAGOON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
OFFICE:—42 Merchant Street,
Honolulu, H. I.

ED HOFFSCHLAGER & CO.
King and Bethel Streets,
Honolulu, H. I.,
Importers and Commission Merchants.

H. L. HOLSTEIN,
Attorney at Law.
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
1878 KOWALA, HAWAII.

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NOTARY PUBLIC and COMMISSIONER
OF DEEDS
For the States of California and New York
Office at the Bank of Bishop & Co., Honolulu.
1354

HYMAN BROS.,
Importers of General Merchandise,
— FRANK —
FRANCE, ENGLAND, GERMANY AND THE
UNITED STATES.
1373-y No. 58 Queen Street, Honolulu, H. I.

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206 Front Street, San Francisco.
Particular attention paid to filling and shipping
Island orders.

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Importers & Commission Mfrs.
1356 Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

H. HACKFELD & CO.,
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1356 Queen Street, Honolulu, H. I.

G. W. MACFARLANE & CO.,
Importers and Commission Merchants,
Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands,
— AGENTS FOR —
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Works, Glasgow.
John Fowler & Co., (Leeds) Limited Steam Pion
1356 and Locomotive Works, Leeds.

THEO. H. DAVIES & Co.,
Importers and Commission Merchants,
— AND AGENTS FOR —
Lloyd's and the Liverpool Underwriters,
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1354 And Northern Assurance Company.

PIONEER STEAM
Candy, Manufacturing and Bakery,
— F. K. O. N. —
Factual Confectioner, Pastry Cook and Baker
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Business Cards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MME. J. PHILLIPS.
Ladies' Hair Dresser
HAIR CULTIVATOR and TOILET ARTIST.
309 Market St., opp. Fourth St., San Francisco
1900-19

E. O. HALL & SON,
[LIMITED.]
Importers and Dealers in Hardware,
Flows, Paints, Oils and General Merchandise.
— OFFICERS: —
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E. O. Hall, Secretary and Treasurer
Wm F. Allen, Auditor
Thos May and T. W. Heber, Directors
1356 Corner Fort and King Sts

R. LEWIS, F. J. LOWERY, C. M. COORE.
LEWERS & COOKE,
Successors to LEWERS & DICKSON,
— Importers and Dealers in Lumber, —
And all kinds of Building Materials,
1356 Fort Street, Honolulu.

EMPIRE HOUSE,
J. OLDS, Proprietor
Corner N. N. Avenue and Hotel Streets.
Choice Ales, Wines and Liquors
1356

HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO.
Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Boilers,
Coolers, Iron, Brass and Lead Casting
Machinery of Every Description
— Made to Order. —
Particular attention paid to Ship's Black
smithing. JOB WORK executed on the premises
1356

H. W. SCHMIDT & SONS,
Importers and Commission Merchants,
Honolulu.

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IMPORTER and DEALER in GENERAL
MERCHANDISE.
1356 Queen Street, Honolulu

J. M. WHITNEY, M. D., D. D. S.
— Dental Rooms on Fort Street, —
Office in Brewer's Block, corner Hotel and Fort
1356-y streets Entrance, Hotel street.

WILLIAM O. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
66 Fort Street, Honolulu.
1356-y

E. G. HITCHCOCK,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Office at HILO, HAWAII.
— N. B. — Bills PROMPTLY COLLECTED. —
1352-13

C. E. WILLIAMS,
Importer, Manufacturer, Upholsterer.
— AND DEALER IN —
FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Pianos and Musical Instruments.
1367 106 FORT STREET.

M. S. GRINBAUM & CO.,
— IMPORTERS OF —
Gen'l Merchandise and Commission
Merchants, Honolulu, H. I.

M. S. GRINBAUM & CO.,
— Commission Merchants, —
No. 215 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Post Office Box 2698.

HAWAIIAN WINE CO.
FRANK BROWN, Manager.
29 and 30 Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.
1353-13

MR. W. F. ALLEN,
HAS AN OFFICE OVER MESSRS. BISHOP &
CO., corner of Merchant and KAHAMANA
streets, and he will be pleased to attend to any
business entrusted to him. 1356-4m

M. E. MCINTYRE & BRO.,
Grocery, Feed Store and Bakery.
Corner King and Fort Streets,
Honolulu, H. I.

THE WESTERN AND HAWAIIAN
Investment Company.
— Limited —
— Money loaned for long or short periods, —
ON APPROVED SECURITY.
Apply to W. W. HALL, Manager.
— Office:—Beaver Block, Fort St.

WILDER & CO.,
Corner of Fort and Queen Streets, Honolulu,
Lumber, Paints, Oils, Nails, Salt & Building
Materials of every kind.

C. HUSTACE,
(Formerly with B. F. Boiles & Co.)
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
111 King Street, under Harmony Hall.
Family, Plantation, and Ship's Stores sup-
plied at short notice. New Goods by every
steamer. Orders from the other islands fully
executed. 1354 TELEPHONE 119

DR. R. W. ANDERSON,
SUCCESSOR TO
DRS. ANDERSON & LUNDY
DENTISTS,
Hotel St., opp. Dr. J. S. McGrew's
— GAS ADMINISTERED. —

A BRUTAL ACT.

A Native Boy "Ropes" an Old China-
man on King Street.

There was quite a fracas on King street, beyond Thomas Square, yesterday. A drunken native boy, about seventeen years old, was riding a horse, and had a riat in his hands. He spied a wagon filled with Chinamen, and the nucleus of a great joke entered his brain. He proceeded to carry it out by throwing the riat around the neck of one of the most aged occupants of the wagon. This was the first act of his little comedy. The second was to drag the poor celestial out of the wagon, and the third would probably have killed him. These did not come off, however. The Chinaman shouted "haul in" lustily, and climbed down from his seat. A gentleman sitting on a porch near by heard the noise, and ran to the scene just in time to stop the native from dragging the old man. The native seemed very much put out at the action, but the Chinaman was very grateful. The native was taken in charge by the gentleman who had interfered, and was compelled to wait until a policeman could be summoned. This was done, by telephone, but for some reason it was an hour and a half before the officer appeared. When at last he did come, the man was given in charge, and now reposes in the police station.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. BARRETT, manager Le Sueur Sentinel, Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by all Dealers, BENSON, SMITH & Co., Agents for H. I.

Canadian Pacific Railway
THE FAMOUS TOURIST ROUTE OF THE WORLD.
IN CONNECTION WITH THE CAN-
ADIAN-AUSTRALIAN STEAM-
SHIP LINE, TICKETS ARE
ISSUED
TO ALL PORTS IN THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA, VIA VICTORIA AND VAN-
COUVER.

MOUNTAIN RESORTS,
Banff, Glacier, Mount Stephen and
Fraser Canon.

Empress Line of Steamers from Vancouver
Tickets to all points in Japan, China, India
and around the world.

THEO. H. DAVIES & CO.,
Agents Canadian Pacific Railway and
Canadian-Australian S. S. Line.
1425-13

BISHOP & COMPANY.
— BANKERS. —
— DRAW EXCHANGE ON —
THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO
— AND THEIR AGENTS IN —
New York, Chicago, Boston, Paris
AND
— FRANKFURT-ON-THAINE. —
MESSRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS, LONDON
The Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney,
in London, and Sydney.
The Bank of New Zealand in Auckland,
Christchurch, Dunedin and Wellington.
The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Cor-
poration in Hongkong and Shanghai, China;
and Yokohama, Hioogo, and Nagasaki, Japan.
The Bank of British Columbia in Victoria, Van-
couver, Nanaimo, and Westminster, B. C.; and
Portland, Oregon.
And the Azores and Madeira Islands.
1356-y

MISS D. LAMB
Notary Public.
Office of J. A. Magoon, Merchant street
near the Postoffice. 1341-y

CONSOLIDATED
Soda Water Works Company, Limited
Esplanade, Corner Allen and Fort Sts.
HOLLISTER & CO.,
3710 1558-13 Agents.

Dr. LIEBIG & CO.
Special Doctors for Chronic, Private
and Wasting Diseases.
Dr. Liebig's Investigator the greatest remedy
for Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and
Private Disease, overcomes Prematureness and
prepares all for marriage life's duties, pleasures
and responsibilities; it is a trial bottle given or sent
free to any one describing symptoms; call or
address 810 Deary St., private entrance 815 Mason
St., San Francisco. 1354-13

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The Demolition of the City of
Santander, Spain.

A THOUSAND POUNDS OF DYNAMITE.

A Graphic Description of the Wreck of
the Steamer Cabo Machichaco, Writ-
ten by William H. Gulick Shortly
After the Explosion—An Awful Day.

The following graphic and real-
istic description of the explosion
on board a burning steamer, of
one thousand pounds of dynamite,
was written by William H. Gulick,
shortly after the event occurred.

On the 31 of November the fine
steamship Cabo Machichaco (Cape of
Machichaco, the prominent cape just
east of Bilbao), of 2500 tons burden,
having passed the eight days of quar-
antine in Santander, imposed on all
craft from the cholera infected port of
Bilbao, steamed across the bay and
moored to one of the principal
wharves of the city of Santander, and
at half-past two o'clock commenced
to discharge her freight.

On the opening of the fore hold it
was discovered that she was on fire.
The alarm was given and in a few mo-
ments the Civil Governor, the Captain
of the Port, the Mayor, the colonel of
one of the garrison regiments, with
several of the civil guards, one of the
owners, the ship's consignee and a
multitude of other persons were on
the ship, or near it, helping to extin-
guish the fire, or to discharge the
freight, or were watching the fire from
a distance.

Among those who hastened to help
were the captain of the Alfonso XIII,
one of the fine new mail steamships
of the Trans-Atlantic Company, plying
between Spain and the West India
colonies. He came alongside in
one of the company's tugs with a
crew of thirty-seven men. As he
drew up to the side of the burning
ship, he called to the captain: "By
all you hold dearest in this life, tell
me truly, is there anything explosive
in your ship's cargo?" to which the
reply was given: "No; the twenty
boxes of dynamite for this port have
been discharged and the rest of the
freight is harmless." On this assur-
ance, with his men, and under the di-
rection of the captain of the port, he
commenced to open a hole in the side
of the ship for the purpose of sinking
her, as the valves for that purpose had
become disarranged and would not
work. But a few minutes only had
elapsed before a terrific explosion took
place. The ship sprang fifty feet into
the air and sank again into the water
like a wounded monster. A column
of water a hundred feet high rose with
her and fell like a water-spout on dock
and street, and a horrible shower of
iron beams and steel bars and axie-
trees, of nuts and bolts and nails, and
of steel plates and bar iron of all
kinds, in masses of hundreds of tons,
mingled with a dense and fetid smoke
from petroleum oil, and sulphuric acid
and muriatic acid, and dynamite, that
formed a part of the ship's cargo, swept
through the masses of men, women
and children who were watching
the burning ship.

The shock and the roar of the burst-
ing volcano was felt throughout the
city of 40,000 inhabitants and from
fifty to sixty miles away. A million
panes of glass were broken to frag-
ments, and the interiors of a thousand
houses were torn and shattered by the
concussion of air.

On the dock and in the neighbor-
hood of the ship the dead and the dy-
ing lay in scores and hundreds—more
than six hundred dead and over a
thousand wounded. The great floor-
beams of iron, from eight to ten yards
in length, and rails, and bars, and
steel axies, and nuts, and screws, and
spikes, swept through the crowd like
the bolts from an anarchist's bomb
charged with ten thousand pounds of
dynamite—the most fearful bomb that
had ever been charged and fired in the
history of the world!

Crushed and mangled and writhing
bodies lay amongst heaps of dead.
After the crash that sounded like the
splitting open of the crust of the
world, there was a moment of appar-
ent silence, and then there rose the
groans and shrieks of the wounded
and the frightened and the crazed.
For a moment, all who could run from
the vortex that had opened at their
feet, and from the raking fire of bars
and bolts—those who were able to
think fearing another explosion. Gradually the smoke, that gave out
an odor that was almost unbearable—
said to be the poisonous fumes of
dynamite—cleared away, the frenzied
people recovered their senses
somewhat, and the work of rescue
began.

The steam tug of the Trans-Atlantic
Company, with the captain of the
mail ship Alfonso XIII, and all the
men who were with him, had disap-
peared—blown into indistinguishable
fragments; and so also a number of
coasting craft that lay in the stream
not far away. The captain of the ill-
fated ship was gone, and so also the
civil governor, the captain of the port,
the lieutenant-colonel of the infantry
regiment and several of his officers
and men, a civil guard, several fire-
men, the women and a multitude of
citizens—killed instantly.

The Marques de Casa Pomo, the
head of a great banking house, one of
the largest stockholders in the com-

pany to which the ill-fated ship be-
longed, and one of the richest men in
the north of Spain, was missing. The
next day his headless body was found
on the roof of a house, three hundred
yards away. Four days later the body
of the governor was found in the sea
far down the coast in the direction of
Bilbao, where it had been borne by the
ocean currents. Evidently he had
been thrown into the water, as
scores of others were, by this concus-

Heads and limbs were severed from
bodies; bodies were transfixed by
steel carriage axies as by lances, and
bodies were lying everywhere on the
dock and in the neighboring streets,
in every form of awful disfigurement,
some being flattened to the ground as
the body of a mouse over which a log
has rolled.

The most terrible feature of all was
the dismemberment of bodies. Half
the body of a man was hurled through
the windows of a neighboring hotel
into the dining room. For three or
four days bodies and members were
found on the roofs of houses, some of
them almost a mile away from the
scene of the explosion. One man was
killed by the detached foot of another
being driven through his body. A
young man rose from the ground and
commenced to run, and not until he
found that he could not make head-
way did he perceive that he had lost
one of his feet. A woman, who was a
mile away from the spot, was killed
by a piece of iron, and a man, who
was still farther away, also met death.
Several ladies were wounded while in
their own houses far away from the
immediate scene of the disaster, and
some of these have since died.

For the first ten years of our life in
Spain, Santander was the residence of
Mrs. Gulick and myself, and we had
there many friends and acquaintances
outside the immediate circle of our
congregation and schools. Of these,
Don Manuel Suarez Inclan was one of
the most intimate and cordial. He
and his brilliant wife were members
of two of the oldest and best families
of the Province. The death of Senor
Suarez Inclan and his daughter, a
beautiful and accomplished girl, six-
teen years of age, is one of the saddest
of the many sad cases. They were
watching the burning steamship from
what seemed a safe distance when
they were struck, apparently by one
of the death dealing iron beams that
tore the multitude to pieces. The
body of the father was taken to the
hospital, where it was identified some
sixteen hours later by the clothing
and watch. The head had been sev-
ered from the body, only an ear being
left. The disfigured body of the
daughter was found and was taken by
kind hands to the house of those to
whom they supposed she belonged.
But soon they found that it was not
theirs. So they bore it to another
family some distance away; but no,
that was not her home; and so they
wrapped the precious body in a sheet
and carried it in their arms to the dis-
tant hospital, where it was finally
identified.

The station of the local provincial
railway was within a hundred yards of
the burning ship. A train with pas-
sengers arrived at the moment of the
explosion. A car was wrecked and
instantly set on fire and some six of
the passengers were killed.

The labor of extracting the dead
and mangled corpses from the sunken
ship was almost more than even the
hardy "divers" could bear—from the
terrible sights that for days met their
gaze in that horrible wreckage.

The concussion of air burst in the
balconies and windows of houses far
and wide over the city, and then tore
down partitions, upset furniture and
shattered glass and crockery and
every fragile thing. The fine houses,
some sixty in number, five stories
high and of recent construction, of
the streets Mendez Nunez and Cald-
eron facing the dock, were instantly
wrecked by the rush of air and the
next moment were in a blaze—from
the burning missiles from the steam-
ship.

When the news of the disaster
reached me I was on a missionary
tour moving down the valley of the
Ebro toward the Mediterranean. I
immediately turned back and hast-
ened to Santander. Only last August
we had dedicated a beautiful new
chapel there that I knew must be in
the zone of the greatest danger. Just
above the wharves, and rising ab-
ruptly above the street Mendez Nunez
a hill rises to the height of about a
hundred feet. The face of it toward
that street, the docks and the bay is
nearly perpendicular. The fine old
building, half fortress and half cathed-
ral, crowns the highest point, looking
upon the docks and on the spot
where the burning steamship was
moored, only about a hundred yards
from the foot of the hill. The other
slope of the hill is densely built up
with the city houses. Starting from
the cathedral and following the crest
of the hill is a street, the houses on
the western side of which look down
upon the docks and over the bay to
the beautiful hills beyond. The
chapel is on this street. All these
houses, beginning with the cathedral
and including our chapel, with the
pastor's residence, were swept by the
devastating currents of air set in mo-
tion by the explosion.

The ground floor of our house is the
chapel, the second floor is the resi-
dence of the pastor and the third floor
that of the school teacher. The entire
breadth of the rear of the second
floor, looking out upon the bay, was
an enclosed gallery, or mirador.
Every glass in it was broken, every
one of the six upright joists of the
frame, four inches square, was snap-
ped like pipestems, and the whole work
was reduced to splinters. The air
rushed through the halls and pas-
sage-ways bursting open doors and
throwing the heavy wall of the oppo-
site side of the house it recoiled, like
a wave of the ocean striking a cliff,
and in the rebound shattered the
remaining doors and threw down the

most of what remained of the parti-
tions.

At this moment the pastor's wife
was in one of the inner rooms by the
side of the bed on which lay slightly
ailing their youngest child two years
old, while another of four years was
amusing herself near by. Mrs. de
Tienda heard the crash, felt the rush
of air and saw the partition bending
forward toward her. It was the in-
stinctive act of the mother to snatch
the child from the bed and to seize
the other from the floor, holding
them both tightly to her breast as she
bent to receive the falling partition
upon the head and shoulders and
back, some of the bricks and mortar
being carried by the force of the air
through the house out into the gar-
den. Her husband ran from an-
other part of the house to find
them buried well high out of
sight under the debris. Presently,
however, they emerged, the children
unhurt, but the mother with a wound
just above the temple two inches long
and her face covered with blood—a
blow from a brick which, had it
struck her head half an inch lower
down, would probably have added an-
other to the six hundred dead. As it
was, when I left them a week after
the catastrophe, her right eye was en-
circled by a deep ring almost as black
as ink, and the rest of that side of the
face was black and blue.

The deacon of the church and the
colporteur of the American Bible So-
ciety, was on the dock some forty
yards from the side of the ship when
she exploded. Stunned and bewil-
dered he rose from the ground to
which he had been thrown and found
himself surrounded by ten or fifteen
mangled and dying persons. Scarcely
knowing where he was or what he
was doing he ran like a mad man, he
knew not where, until coming to his
senses he returned to the spot he had
left and worked the rest of the after-
noon and all night in helping to re-
move the dead and wounded to the
hospital. The next day he was
obliged to go to bed, and for a week
he was under the doctor's care.

Three children from our school were
lost. One was killed where he stood
looking at the burning ship. His little
companion was swept into the water
by the force of the explosion and was
drowned. Another has died from the
effect of wounds received. The fathers
of two others of the pupils, while en-
gaged in helping extinguish the fire,
were instantly killed by the explo-
sion. A widow of a former deacon,
who, with her husband, was of the
group who united to form the church
when it was first organized, has been
driven from her house which has been
condemned by the city architects as
unsafe for further occupancy. She,
a tried and true Christian woman, be-
comes an object of charity. The pa-
rents of two girls who were in the
San Sebastian boarding school for
four years—the persons who first made
our acquaintance in Santander
twenty-one years ago, and who have
always been good friends—were burn-
ed out in the street Mendez Nunez,
and lost the savings of forty years.
But how great the cause for rejoicing
that the congregation was not more
closely touched by the catastrophe!

A half of the interior of the chapel
will need to be renewed, nearly a half
of all the partitions of the house and
more than half of all the doors and
window-sashes and the entire large
gallery, which was the pastor's din-
ing room and study.

A piece of the iron plating off the hull
of the ship, weighing over a hundred
and fifty pounds, falling on the roof of
our house broke two oak rafters and,
passing through the roof, lodged upon
a pile of shavings and kindling wood
in the attic, and there we shall let it
lie. Another and a larger piece struck
on the other slope of the roof, crushed
the tiles to the dust and rolled down
into the street. Still another piece
fell into the garden at the rear of the
house, and there, too, it shall stay,
half buried in the earth, a memorial
of the sad day. The house had cost
\$6400, and the damage to the building
and personal losses will now come to
nearly \$1000 more, and we know not
where to look for funds, unless, indeed,
to our ever generous American friends.

The fortress-like walls of the cathed-
ral were not injured, but sad havoc
was made with the beautiful cloisters.
The court of these, open to the skies,
was strewn by a number of thirty-
feet long iron beams, twisted
and knotted into every fantastic
shape, while others rested on the
roof and dangled like serpents from
the eaves. The cloisters are so shat-
tered that people are prohibited from
entering them. One of these death
dealing bars fell into the narrow street
almost at the door of our chapel.

The one of the two great anchors of
the ship that was not in the water at
the time was torn from its